# THE ARISTOCRACY OF BRIDGE

A Means Now Available by Which Certain Gifted Women Can Get Along in Society.

Two women at the matinée watched two others walk down the aisle. One of the late arrivals turned and bowed to them. "Well, did you ever!" one of the two ex-

claimed. "How in the world did that girl ever get with Mrs. X.? Mrs. X. is one of the biggest snobs in New York, and that for you. girl desn't know anybody in her set. I'm

"She not only knows Mrs. X. very well," answered the companion of the astonished woman, "but she now knows a great many other fashionable people besides. She was at Newport two weeks this summer and she's getting in deeper every day. Bridge

quite satisfied with the explanation. "Plays such a good game? The only time I ever saw her in anybody's house was at one of the bridge club meetings last winter. She seemed to be very much in demand among the women, although I thought her rather

"You'd have understood if you played the game," her friend went on "You were only looking on. She plays a splendid game, and I bet the woman that played with her won. That's the only thing that counts now with women who play bridge." The young woman who had caused

this discussion was in fact of a social sphere quite different from that in which her companion and the women who were discussing her belonged, and it was her skill in playing the game so popular in society that had gained for her the friendship of the woman who was with her.

A chance meeting at a summer hotel where the two had played cards revealed the girl's ability as a player. Later when she formed a bridge class in town the society matron invited the girl, knowing that she would probably have a chance to play with her frequently and keep well ahead of her companions. Other women met the newcomer and wanted to play with her too, and she thus gradually enlarged the circle of her acquaintances.

"You know there are women," went on the bridge player who had given the first explanation, "who would play bridge with a yellow dog rather than go without it, and I'm one of those women. To get hold of a good player is pleasure enough to pay for having to associate with almost any kind of a person.

"That's what made the bridge aristocracy. as they call it now. Lots of women that nobody ever heard of are almost in society now-at least, they're in bridge society.

I'll tell you what happened to a friend of mine who got up a bridge class with another woman I know. It was going to be very exclusive, and it didn't make any difference how well a woman played, if she wasn't a person that all of us had known for years she wasn't to come in. Well, one of the women struggled to get

in a girl that, according to her story, was a wonder. There was nothing against her, and she was a very nice sort of person, only none of us knew anything about her, and it vas decided to keep her out.

But her friend made such a row that we for her, and after the first month she was the most popular woman in that club. "Her friend, on the other hand, was a

terror. She played badly and so slowly that the women at her table nearly went crazy waiting for her to decide what she was going to do, and then she did the wrong thing in the end. "The club was to last only a month, and at

the end of that time it broke up. Well, what do you suppose the woman did who had been one of the two to get up the club?

"She went to the girl that she had tried to keep out of the first club and asked her to join in getting up another with the same members. They were going to leave only one of them out of the new club. And who do you suppose that one was? It was the very woman who had helped to get up the first club and fought so hard that the

"Well, the ungrateful thing united with the woman who had tried to keep her out. formed the new club and quietly dropped the woman who had helped her to make all these friends of a kind she had never known in her life before. That's bridge

She sighed contemplatively over the sad state of affairs that the game had caused. Then the curtain went up and they watched the play.

The two laughed at the old Duchess who came to the bridge party without any money and had to borrow it, and they were amused by the old lady's indifference to everything but the game. The curtain fell, rose did it."

"Oh," returned the first woman, apparently again to show the group of actors and "Dhous than the music began. So did the woman then the music began. So did the woman who had been talking before.

"When they put her out," she went on, as if there had been no pause, "she came to me in a great state of excitement and wanted my advice. It I had dared I would have ordinary. I couldn't understand why all told her to take a course in bridge, but she the women were so keen to have her for a thinks she's such a wonder that I didn't

'Think of it!' she said with tears in her eyes, 'Me, a Van Benthenzyn, put out for that nobody whom I got into the club Why, if I told my husband, he'd, he' d'-" 'Do nothing,' I said, 'you will have to

put up with it and never speak to any of those women again. 'But, my dear Clara, it is a fact that Van Benthenzyn or Van anything else don't help you in bridge. You must play the game. If you play it poorly or slowly and are so unfortunate as to play it both slowly and poorly, why, there's very little chance for anybody. Of course, I don't say that you do either of those things. But one must play so well nowadays that a course of lessons is the best thing in the world if you feel yourself getting stale.

"You know I could tell from the way she threw up her head and sailed out of the room, scarcely taking the time to say goodby, that she was furious at me for having intimated that she was not the best bridge player in the world. I tell you, bridge would change any woman.

The girl who started this conversation between the two women is a member of what has been called the aristocracy of bridge, and that means that she would not have been likely to get on in society as she has but for her skill in playing a game that has assumed the proportions of a mania in New York. Other fortunate women gifted like her have found bridge a short cut to a society they were anxious to enter.

It is not recorded that any woman was ever taken up merely because she could give bridge parties, but women who can play the game well and also give parties are very much appreciated. And the girls who can play the game well and are not able to do anything else toward the pleasure of others are among the most successful of the bridge aristocracy. How long the great interest in the game

will last will determine the extent to which this number will increase this year. Certainly there is no sign of diminishing delight on the part of women who play it.

Whether the bridge aristocracy is going to continue after bridge is a fashion of ad to let her come in. She got in, and she the past is a question that will not be answered until the game has been dead for some years. But it scarcely seems probable that the women who have made good friends

"Of course, they will keep the positions they made for themselves," said the woman who had been explaining the new aristocracy to her friend. "No woman in the world would have the nerve to throw down anybody she had been as intimate with as most of the women have got to be with these good players."

It has often been said that to be a good New Yorkers. Tennis champions have profited by the distinction they won in the game. Success in other sports has done its work for other men; but women, until bridge came along, had no such means of helping themselves up by their own ef-

## THE VALUE OF A GOOD FRONT

CREDIT MAN TELLS HOW HE SIZES UP A STRANGER.

Think of Cashing \$2,000 Worth of Checks Every Day for Folks You Don't Know -Department Stores Take Chances on the Say-So of Their Mindreaders

Suppose it was your business, day in and day out, year in and year out, to pass upon the trustworthiness of folks who wanted to buy things without paying for themwithout paying cash, that is to say. Suppose that a steady stream of such people were passing before you all day long, retail buyers, whose financial standing and habits it would be pretty difficult to determine with any approach to accuracy-how would vou size 'em up? Would you judge largely by their clothes

Would you permit yourself to be guided by their manners? Would you join the physiognomists and try to read their

And if you did all of these things having cooked all these impressions up together and removed the scum, would you be likely to get the clear essence of "O. K." or "N. G." in most cases?

In every big department store there are a keen-witted man and a keen-witted assistant who sit in an office marked \*Department of Accounts." and a large part of their time is spent in just this kind of chemistry. It must be that in a vast majority of cases they are correct in their deductions: otherwise the system wouldn't be pursued. This being true, they surely may be re

garded as among the best of the lightning calculators of human character. "We have to judge largely by appear-

ances in many cases," said one of these credit experts a few days ago. "For example, one of the commonest transactions in our business is the cashing of checks

for people whom we don't know.

"Wome oom here every day, especially we man irom the South who are visiting and shopping in New York. They have brought checks with them from home and they ask us to sell them goods, deduct the amount of their purchases and give them the balance in cash.

"They're good havers too because they

"They're good buyers, too, because they buy enough at one time to last for a long time and their trade can't be overlooked or neglected. We cash from \$2,000 to \$3,000 worth of such checks here every day, and that comes in the course of a year pretty well on to \$1,000,000 well on to \$1,000.000.

"Now, how are we to judge? The matter must be decided quickly; the woman can't wait for the long process of inquiry that would establish her credit to a certainty Such slender information as she is able to give us and we are able to verify in the ecessary limit of time might easily be mis-

leading.
"I think that in such cases it's the face and the manner that count most in the decision. And, of course, the woman's dress is a factor, too. If our observation tells us that she is probably what she says she is, if her bearing is confident, her clothes in good taste, her jewelry not too profuse, we take the chance. She buys what she wants, indorses her check over to us and departs with the money in hand.
"Experience has proved that we can

afford to do business on this basis, so we keep on doing it. The checks that come back unsatisfied are figured in with the other ordinary losses, and when the whole account is reckoned up, the good so far outweighs the bid that there is as much profit in this kind of trade as in any o her.
"That's only one way in which we have to depend on map judgment. There are people living righ, here in town whose credit is just as problematical as that of the transient shoppers from the South and Wes - men and women whose amount and sources of income are not susceptible of proof, and who may be either the most responsible or the most irresponsible of

cus' omers. pay for their current living, but that is not conclusive. The man who keeps square with the market and the grocery doesn't

necessarily pay his dry goods bill.

"It's the easiest thing in the world for people to let their department store accouns get way beyond their intentions. Many a person who thinks he has had \$50 worth of goods charged in a month finds that he has really run up an account of \$100. Then if he has only \$50 on hand to meet it, the question arises, will be curtail his outgo and make good on the other fifty, or will be continue to spend more than he has and default on the whole thing? "There again the department store is taking chances, and there again the external evidences of character are important factors in the credit man's judgment.

"People sometimes ask me whether I make inferences from a person's clothes, and my answer is that I judge from the face and the manner, but I usually find an honest face and a frank manner in partnership with bonest clothes. "Honest clothes? Does that seem whim-

"nonest ciones". Does that seem whimsisal? Well, there is such a thing as honest apparel, and dishonest, too.
"The man whose voice rings true and who looks you fair in the eye is likely to be well dressed. The same orderly habit that regulates his business affairs governs his rairont. When he needs a new results are the same orders are results. his raiment. When he needs a new gar-ment his forehandedness has enabled him to buy it. He preserves the same pro-portion in dress as in other matters. Good character, good sense and good taste usu-ally dwell under one lacket."

## PRETTY HANDS FOR EVERY ONE

LITTLE TRICKS THAT BEAUTY SEEKERS SHOULD KNOW.

Paims Should Be Pink and the Up-te-Date Young Woman Lets Them He Seen Three Shapes for the Finger Nalls

secrets of Seft White Hands. The pretty girl, as she marches onward into the realm of perfect beauty, does not forget her hands.

It is not alone the back of the hand which

eceives attention, but the palm also. And,

when you study a pretty girl, you will observe that she sits, not with her hands crossed in her lap, but with the palms exposed and the hands spread listlessly out. It is a helpless, an appealing, a pretty attitude of the hands, this fashion of exposing the palme; and the girl who wants to produce good effects will learn how to do it. You can experiment by laying both hands in your lap, backs down, and by straighten-

pink inner part. And the palms must be pink. Pale hands are not pretty and the palm that is mottled or gray or blue is never admired.

ing the fingers slightly so as to show the

There are palms that are dry and show s wrinkled surface. Such hands feel very hot and the flesh has a crinkled look, as though it had been sunned and tanned and dried. This dryness of the palms is one of the first signs of old age, and the woman who feels it coming on should hasten to use a hand lotion to keep her flesh in good order.

Sarah Bernhardt, at one period, tinted her palms a pale saffron. But it was not a good style; and in the striking contrast to this, many French actresses hastened to rouge, the palms, making them as pink

There are women who rub a little dry rouge into the palms of the hands and they sometimes powder the backs also. It certainly gives the hands a pretty and a healthy tone, for pink finger tips and pink palms are very attractive.

A good hand and nail emollient is abso-A good hand and nail emollient is absolutely necessary for certain persons whose flesh is inclined to dry and crinkle. For these people there must be a daily treatment of the hands, or they will age very rapidly and grow sadly out of shape.

The knotty condition of certain hands is due to the shrinkage of the flesh. This is sometimes natural, and is often the effect of age.

effect of age.

The first signs of old age are observed. not in the face, but in the hands. At 30 a gradual and almost imperceptible change begins to come over the hands, and at 40 this is clearly defined. The hands begin to lose their shape, the skin loses its tone, the flesh shrinks, and the bones begin to appear under the skin. appear under the skin.

The remedy for this is plain. As the

The remedy for this is plain, as the skin dries, from whatever cause, the moist-ure must be replaced. The natural oils of the skin must be restored and the hand must be made moist and pliable and soft, if its beauty is to be revived.

And this is easy. A certain woman whose hands had been neglected until they were yellow and blue and gray, all colors except flesh color, went to a manicure to have her hands treated. The manicure, who was a wise woman, took a bowl of pure oil of sweet almonds and immersed the hands of her patient in the oil. Keeping them there for some min-

utes she took them out and gently mas-saged them until there was not a particle saged them until there was not a particle of oil on the surface.

If this treatment is applied patiently and intelligently, and for fifteen minutes at a time, the hands will begin to plump out and the skin to be pretty again. The hands should not be washed afterward, for the oil will surely sink in, if they are well massaged.

well massaged.

There is a girl in society who is noted for her beautiful hands. They are lovely in shape and color and are always exquisitely groomed. This young woman never goes to bed without washing her hands in very

hot water and soap.

She scrubs them with a flesh brush until they are clean. She then rinses them with half a dozen perfectly clear hot waters. And finally she massages a lump of cold cream into them. It softens them and whitens them and does them a world of

In the morning they are beautifully soft. And, after the nails have been polished, the hands are in good shape for the day.

The color of the nails is a matter to be ing substance.

carefully considered. Nine women out of ten have nails that are disfigured by long white marks which utterly spoil the beauty of the hands.

The nails should be the color of a rose leaf and as clear as a sea shell. Mother of pearl, if it were a little rosier, would about describe the texture of the ideal nail.

To keep away the white spots is an easy matter. They are caused by pressure upon the base of the nail. If a metal instrument is used, or if a wooden soraper is employed, or if there is anything rough applied to the base of the nail, the result will be a white mark across it.

A great many manicures do not know

mark across it.

A great many manicures do not know his, and the result is very apparent upon the nails in the shape of the great long white streaks, which make the nails look very much out of sorts, for these marks are a sign of illness of the nails. These nails are out of condition or the marks would not be there.

are out of condition or the marks would not be there.

Instead of employing a hard substance to press back the skin at the base of the nail, it is better to soak the finger tips in hot water and to press back the cuticle with a towel. This will keep the nails long and almond shaped, and will not dis-figure them in the least.

Those who are troubled with a dry and

Those who are troubled with a dry and ragged cuticle can soak the finger tips every day in olive oil. This will soften the cuticle and keep the nails from break-

A very good emollient for the nails is made by taking equal parts of mutton tallow, olive oil, and oil of sweet almonds. These, when melted together, will make a very nice cream, which should be beaten with an egg beater as it cools, and kept

with an egg beater as it cools, and kept in a jar in which the fingers can be immersed. It can be scented with a few drops of geranium.

The beauty of the nails depends upon their shape, color and their length. The longer the better is the rule, but long nails are likely to break.

Nails can be cut in one of three ways. There is the pointed nail, which is the prettiest of all, but must be kept exact; and unless one can do this, it is better to cut the nail rounded.

The rounded nail is the nail of the busi-

The rounded nail is the nail of the business woman, and it is a pretty nail if it be kept well shaped. All the nails should be of the same length, and a high polish is again permiss

here is the blunt nail, which is the rail of the professional woman, the woman who plays the piano and the woman who must use her finger tips. The trained nurse, the woman physician and the woman typewriter are among the women whose nails should not be long enough to annoy her.

her.
Such nails are easy to care for, but the

Such nails are easy to care for, but the cuticle should be pink and perfect. Otherwise they will be very ugly.

The very long nails are good, but in that case the cuticle must not be pulled down too far or the nails will have a clawlike look. A little study of the contour of the hands will determine this. The shape of the nail should be that of an almond with the counded part at the base tapering toward. rounded part at the base tapering toward the tip.

The woman who wants taper finger

tips must not cut the corners of the nails, for it is the corners that support the sides of the flesh, and it is the corners that keep

the heal from flattening out.

The very pointed finger tips of the society woman are kept pink and pointed by constant care. You will never find the society woman neglecting her finger tips in the sightent degrees. slightest degree. To certain persons the finger tips pos-

sess a distinct charm, which is superior even to that of the face. The hands are positively fascinating in some cases, and a woman with pretty hands can wield a great deal of power with them.

To make the hands white is a distinct art. Women whose hands roughen and redden and chap must never go without gloves out of doors.

More than this, they must never go out

More than this, they must never go out directly after washing the hands. Still further, they must never wash the hands directly in soap and water. A little powdered oatmeal or bran should be added to the water and the hands should

be sozzled in this soft substance until they be sozzied in this soft substance until they are not only cleansed, but whitened.

When the hands are very dirty, as is sometimes the case when one has been working in the window garden or doing other rough work, it is best not to wash them in water, but to put vaseline on them. Vaseline rubbed upon the hands, front and back, palms and finger tips, will soften them wonderfully and absolutely remove the dirt and stains. When this has been done, the hands can be scaped and washed. treated with cucumber juice and with a little diluted lemon juice. But, as a matter of fact, the hands will grow white if oiled, creamed and washed in oatmeal water, and it is not necessary to do anything

further to them in the way of bleaching. The nails may be pinked with a little color-

WINGS HE COULDN'T FLY WITH,

to fly consisted of two wings, made of heavy canvas, doubled and pasted tightly together. These fitted over each shoulder

came out of the church. "I'll be carrying a lantern," he said, "and vou'll know it's me when you see the light. Thought I'd better tell you I was coming, o none of you'll shoot at me."

Everybody in the town learned of the

appearance. He had said he would be

stood for two hours waiting for the sight, questioned if a voyage of any kind would be prosperous when it was begun on the Sabbath, and this class soon settled down to the conviction that whatever might have been the result on a week day, it sure to end in failure on Sunday. At 10 o'clock a number of citizens went to Scrogham's house, but were told that he had left home with his machine early in the even-

found the inventor lying on the rocks at the bottom of the ravine, his wings doubled up under him, his right leg and right arm broken and his side crushed in. He was broken and his side crushed in. He was suffering terrible agony and was utterly helpless because of the manner in which he was tangled in the ropes. It was thought at first that his injuries were fatal, but there is a prospect now of his recovery. He says that his failure to fly resulted from the slipping of his right foot from the rope as he launched into pace from the top of the hill, and that the machine would have worked perfectly but for this mishap. He proposes to try it again as soon as he recovers from his fall.

HARDSHIPS OF THE LONELY LIFE OUT ON THE RANGE.

Nevice's Experiences for Three Months -The Battlers, the Insect Pests and the Isolation-Effects of a Perpetual Cherus of Bass on the Nerves.

RETNOLDS, N. D., Oct. 7 .- The gentle shepherd boy is painted by artists and praised by poets. This is art. In real life he is scorned by all and condemned as utterly unworthy by many.

In nine cases out of ten he is himself ashamed of his employment and will vigorously deny his vocation. The historians of Western life have frequently stated that to call a cow puncher a sheep herder is a signal for activity on the firing line, and coroners' juries are apt to justify the deed when the provocation is proved.

Because education does not count much in the range country, provided a man can do the work he cuts out for himself, a Princetor graduate who had been an honor man in his day and could reel off Cicero's orations in the original until his audience passed from mystification to tolerance and thence to silent departure, remained a sheep herder to the end of his days. And this is equivalent to saying that he was shunned by all save his own kind. It is no myth, this grad of old Nassau; he existed and was a sort of local celebrity in sheep circles in Montana until he died in a drunken delirium at the end of a fortnight's de-

The path to the sheep herder's job is direct. There are no intermediary stages with successive promotions, as there are in cattle riding

In the latter vocation the tenderfoot begins as night wrangler, which means that he guards the horses while the mer sleep. The broncos are turned into the rope corral, tired from a day's hard riding, and the green wrangler has opportunity for making acquaintance with them gradually. Promotion to day wrangler involves roping the horses for the riders, and later comes his graduation into the puncher

Not so the sheep herder. One day he s penniless, hungry and despondent, with the nervousness of a man who has tried to demonstrate for a month the theory that alcohol is food. Two days later he is out in the hills with a band of 3,000 sheep, a dog and his regrets. To see a pet lamb frisking on a well kept

lawn, and running to its child master or mistress with a plaintive baa-a-a is pastoral, refreshing and restful. To be out on the range, twenty miles or more from camp, with 3,000 is misery, torture and maddening.

The baa-a-a-a is there, but instead of one it is 3,000 strong, and the chorus is continual. Always that same one-note cry, neither of anger nor pleasure, but a sort of mild protest against appetite for mutton and a desire for woollen appare on the part of civilized humans. Once upon a time, and this is no fairy

story, a man who possessed a fair education and had commanded a decent wage at employment that was respected was touted to the wrong horse. He recalled the joke about the owner, who when chaffed about his entry when it ran in the ruck. replied that he wasn't certain whether his horse was last in the third race or first in the fourth. Then he tore up the ticket, left his trunk with the landlord, and hit the This was in Butte. An overcoat, saved from the wreck, was deposited in the cus-

tomary place, and he departed for a little town called Chinook, near which place a friend lived who might be good for \$50or might not. He was not, and the toucher ent hungry for a day, met a man who was friendly, had one drink, two drinks, more Now, he was not shanghaied, for he re-

Now, he was not shanghaled, for he re-membered the ride; but he thought it was up the river toward Claremont, and he recalled singing "In the Good Old Summer-time," but had no recollection of an agree-ment that for \$35 a month and board he was to watch lamb develop into mutton That part was recalled to him by the rancher, who was transformed over night

was formally introduced to a well mannered dog, was told about sheep habits, and finally directed over the hills to the range. Bedirected over the hills to the range. Between the man and the rising sun were 3,400 sheep, who were glad to be out of the pen and gambolled along in a frolicsome fashion that made it tiresome to keep up the pace. Not even a parting drink to cheer the shepherd boy, and his pipe of Pan was the six receptacles for cartridges on a revolver.

collie, kept them well within bounds, I venting strays from wandering too

away.

The herder lay down in the short grass and reflected. He half leaned on his elbow

A moment later there was a sharp succe A moment later there was a shall all a sion of clicks, resembling five or six quick contacts of the familiar bones of the end man of olden minstrelsy. But it wasn't a grinning black face that rose above the grass. That swaying, flat, wicked countenance was the owner of the rattles, and he had introduced the size of his sizeta. was angry at the disturbance of his siesta

in the sun.
That was the beginning of three months' torture, three months that will be regarded as training for eternal punishment of offenders against the Scriptural injunctions. Rattlesnakes? The country was full of

Not only was the herder absolutely alone,

Not only was the herder absolutely alone, but there was no prospect of seeing a human being until the grub wagon, a month later. The instructions were to go east by north until a certain small river was reached, thence west for perhaps fifteen miles, and gradually work into the camp in the fall at shipping time.

The usual antidote for snakebites was not in the gunny sack. That possibility was investigated and exploded at the first halt.

There is no need of a diary of the three months. It is not pleasant reading. The country is a succession of hills, and the soil is mostly alkali, sun baked until it is a crust in places. Where there is grass it is short and sparse, and the sheep moved rapidly.

rapidly.

The temperature was unmentionable The thermometer was never made The thermometer was never made that could register the extreme heat. Gen. Sherman once said that it was so hot in Arizona that soldiers who had been stationed there and died came back from hell to get their blankets. Had they endured the flerce heat of the larger part of that three months they would have filed requisitions for heating stoves and an allowance of coal. ance of coal.

ance of coal.

Hot? Actually the grease of the bacon has melted and trickled through the sack until it formed a pool. Soldom was there much of a breeze, and when the lack of atmospheric activity combined with the temperature it was hell. The poor sheep would vainly go this way and that trying to find a breeze, and if one did spring up they would go in its face until night.

Learned men say the rattlesnake is the

# SHEEP HERDING IN MONTANA. INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT

FROM TWO TO EIGHT INCHES

Our Free Book Tells You How-This Startling Discovery Will Revolutionize the Physical Condition of Man and Woman-Every Man, Woman and Child Who Is Short Should Write To-day.

Success Absolutely Guaranteed, Distance No Barrier-No Matter How Short You Are or What Your Age We Can Increase Your Height.

You Will Be Amazed at the Information Contained in Our Marvellous Book-A Postal Card Will Bring It.



IF YOU ARE SHORT YOU LOOK LIKE THIS WHEN WALKING WITH ANY ONE OF THE AVERAGE HEIGHT. Of the many new discoveries, none has attracted so much attention in the scientific world as that made by K. Leo Minges, of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Minges is to short men and women what the great wizard, Edison, is to electricity. He has demonstrated beyond any question or doubt that he has gathered more information relative to bone, muscle and sinew than any one else in existence. Mr. Minges is very modest in his claims. He has the interest of the general public at heart, and every short man or woman may write him in the fullest confidence, and they may rest assured that the confidence placed in him will be kept so closely that his most intimate friends will know nothing of it. Making people grow tall has been a hobby with Mr. Minges for years, and the results he has accomplished are startling to a high degree

Mr. Minges has been employed by this institution at a great expense, and he is at the service of our patients and students

lutely, with that maddening, eternal baa-a-a-a from three thousand throats

never ceasing entirely, and never absent, for the herder dreams of it, and hears it

always, especially if he be new to the busi-

ness.

Those who have read Olyphant's story of

drawn, you may think when you view the

and affections of the godforsaken herder

and a caress after rounding the band up or preventing venturesome ones of the flock from getting too far away. Only once was there serious danger, and that was when a cold wind from the

north came sweeping from the Canadian line. In storms sheep go with the wind,

and will not seek shelter.

They go and go and go until exhaustion brings them down to die on the hillsides. The herder and his dog must guide them to the lee of a neighboring hill or to the entrance of a sheltering coolle. King did

the guiding and Providence furnished the

months but ten sheep had been lost. Coyotes did not bother much, though occasionally a lone one would appear, but he was quickly frightened at a shot and would slide away into the darkness.

Even penitentiary sentences expire; and shearing time came, when the flock was again driven to the home ranch. Heaven

may be paved with gold, and the mansious in the skies may have all modern improve-ments and obliging janitors, but no sight ever looked sweeter or dearer to man than did that ugly, squat ranch house when the

last hill was topped and a half mile away

human beings could be seen walking about

The record of but ten sheep lost was

good, and the owner offered an advance of \$5 a month, but that particular herder made directly for town and helped to swell Jim Hill's income with the price of a ticket

There is no occupation so humble or so drearly dull but has its heroes. The sheep herder of years' experience is looked upon

as harmlessly insane and as being a future

candidate for the asylum.

When he reaches town with his year's

accumulated wages the saloons, concern halls and grafters of the proscribed district get it all. They call him easy, but know nothing of the blessed blotting out for a brief period of that chorus of ban-a as, the rattle and hiss of the reptiles and the unauding bills or prairies.

the rattle and hise of the reptiles and the unending hills or prairies. Yet when occasion requires, as it frequently does, the soul of the despised herder rises to heights, and he cheerfully goes to his death in an effort to save his flock.

It will be recalled that last spring was "a good season for pelts," which means that storms decimated the flocks. In the latter part of Maya show storm and this zard swip. Montars. At this period shearing is well under way, and the sheepmen send the flocks out as soon as trestile to

At the count up at the end of the three

and will not seek shelter

the corrals.

or woman not over fifty years of age can be made to grow from two to eight inches. This system is highly endorsed by the leading physicians of the land. Several prominent institutions of learning have adopted this system for the physical development of their students. Our free book tells the interesting story of how Mr. Minges made his remarkable discovery. Would you like to increase your height from two to eight inches? If so, you should read this remarkable book. Failure is absolutely impossible. Let us send you the absolute proof of this statement. Remember, a postal card will bring it. You are not asked to spend a single cent with us in order to get this information. Write to-day and you will receive the free book and full information to-morrow. When you write us be sure to state your exact height and weight, as well as the date of your birth; also give full information relative to your physical condition, and we will outline a method of treatment for you and tell you just what you may expect if you decide to place your case in our hands. We give you all this information absolutely free. If you desire it we can send you the statements of hundreds who have grown from two to eight inches in height by following our methods. The results are quickly accomplished. Some grow one inch the first week. We have many students and patients who have grown as much as three inches in two months. The results are accomplished without any inconvenience to you whatever. The treatment can be sent to any part of the world, and you can take it without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. Our free book and letters will be sent in plain envelopes, if you prefer. The book also contains illustrations which will interest any one. Ten be given away absolutely free, postage prepaid, as long as the present edition lasts. All we ask in return for this is that you allow some friend whom you think would like to increase his height to read it. If you want a free copy, write to-day. Address THE CARTILAGE CO., Dept. 939, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A. thousand of these remarkable books will

without charge. Our methods and appli-

ances are fully protected by patents, and

we will vigorously prosecute any infringe-

ment thereon. By this method every man

wait for the rattle if you see him coiled. Back up, and do it quick. It's the only A NANCY STORIES.

system.

The sheep traversed heaven knows how a rattler for many miles, and there was a rattler for every vard of it. And of mosquitos there were five hundred billion that followed that particular band of sheep. No exact Tales That Nurses in the West Indies Have Told to Generations of Children. count was made, and this fact probably accounts for the low estimate.

Nor were the long-billed immigrants

WHI TOAD WALK 'PON FOUR LEG. In a before time, chillun, dere was a big, big Prince, an' him rich-hi! him so rich

dat him sav: "Cho! woman no good! No female good nuff fo' me fe marry."

But the appalling, hopeless part of it all was the loneliness, the helplessness of the situation—isolated from living beings abso-But, chillun, dere lib close to him an ole, ole witch, an' de people dey call her Recundadundundadrumunday. An' when

"Bob, Son of Battle" have a conception of the intelligence of the collie. A trifle over-[witchcraft] an' mek sheself young gal sweeter dan molasses. An' she borry a silk dress an' a buggy an' a horse, an' as she walk into de buggy her dress go, "Shwee shwee, shwee," an' eberybody turn fe look breed at a dog show in town; but not half of it is told as that dog grows into the heart

Den de Prince see her in de buggy, an' him cry out wid joy:

"Oh, de young lady come at last fe me to marry! I tink I let you be my wife,

alk him shiny boot go. "Quee, quee! When Toad hear bout de ma him mek trouble. Him go to de Prince

no know dat de young lady you a-goin fe marry is noting but a takro-takro ele witch dey call Recundadundundadrumunsay, "Tank you, sah; I go tell she dat she can't marry me." An' so him did. Hi! but de ole witch get angry. She

go 'long fe find out who tell de Prince dis On de road, chillun, she met up wid a cow, an' she say:
"You cow! You cow! Was it you dat call me Recundadundundadrumunday?"
But him say, soft an' pitiful, lookin' up
'pon her wid him big eye: "No, missis! How you tink dat ob me?
Me couldn't do sich a rude ting!"

Me nebber use dat unkind word. Me neober use out unkind word. Sie wouldn't do sich a ting!"

Den she go 'long farder, till she met up wid Toad. An Tead say, befo' she could speak:
"Howdy, missis? Hi! if it isn't my ole

groun' 'pon him tummack an' lie down like dead, an' him nebber able to rise up

send the flocks out as scon as trasfile to get the best of the new grass in the far range, saving that near home for later in the season. Two men of one outfit died trying to find shelter for the sheep, and others were badly frozen and suffered fion

### sportsman was the greatest help to a man who was anxious to know a certain set of

THOUGH THEY WORKED WELL ON A HEN AND A TURKEY. Mr. Scrogham of Brown County Can't See

Yet Why They Failed to Carry Him

When He Struck Out From the Hill

-Landed at the Bottom, but Maybe

'Twas the Pulleys That Caused All. Indianapolis, Oct. 10.-The tale of Darius Green and his flying machine" had a counterpart in the hills of Brown county last Sunday night. This was not a simple country boy, though, but a man who had taken a course in mechanics at the State university, and who, not withstanding the unfortunate issue of his enterprise, when he was most confident of success, still believes that it is possible to fly with his invention and asserts that his failure to redeem his promise to the

people of Nashville was due more to his own carelessness than to any fault in the construction of his machine. If he ever gets well again, he says, he'll ry again; and he will surely fly next time. Charles Scrogham has long been known o the people of Brown county as a man of intelligence and refinement. He is one of the few in that section who can boast of as much college education as a course in mechanics can bestow. He is 37 years old and for several years has lived on a farm

near Weed Patch Hill, the highest point in the county. Scrogham's farm lies to the west of the hill. For years he has spent the winter working on various contrivances which he has used successfully on his farm, one of these being a contrivance for bringing water from a distant spring to his house through

a system of pipes so arranged that they act somewhat on the principle of the siphon.

Two years ago Scrogham began to experiment with kites. He soon convinced himself that he could make a year they are the soon convinced that he could make a year that he could make a year that the could make a year that they are the are the are they are they are they are they are they are they a himself that he could make a machine with which he could fly. Model after model he constructed, only to abandon all; model he constructed, only to abandon all; but he persevered with the energy of the true inventor, and during the summer reached such a measure of success that he believed the longed-for gcal was at-tained. All of his experiments with the machine appeared to justify his enthusiasm for, according to witnesses, it was undoul t-

for, according to witnesses, it was undouted the edly a success when placed upon fowls that were practically stripped of their wings and had to department was with a large hen. He clipped all the feathers from her wings, adjusted a small machine to her body, took her to the top of Weed Patch Hill and threw her out into the air. She fell rapidly at first, but caught herself, soared over the tops of the trees in soared over the tops of the trees in the ravine below, and disappeared on the other side. When Scrogham and those who had witnessed the flight went to look for the hen she was nowhere to be found. The inventor believes that she rose from the ground and continued her course thus demonstrating the utility of the de-vice with which she was supplied.

Two weeks ago a similar experiment was tried with the largest turkey gobbler on the farm, and it was a complete succees. The inventor not only recovered the bird, but also the machine, which was unharmed by the brief trip through the air. When

thrown cut from the top of the hill the turkey caught the breeze, apparently without effort. He flew over the ravine and came down a quarter of a mile away as naturally as though he was flying on his own wings, both of which had been nearly stripped of feathers before the canvas wings were attached.

"Human intelligence," said Scrogham

to the friends who witnessed the experiment, "will suggest the effort for self-preservation that the turkey employs through instinct; and just as that intelli-gence is higher than mere instinct, so will gence is higher than mere instinct, so will be the success of the machine when con-trolled by the mind of man."

Some questions about this arose in the minds of those who heard him, but none

of them controverted the point, and Scrog-ham at once began on the larger machine, with which he himself was to fly.

The apparatus with which he expected

together. These fitted over each shoulder and stretched some distance beyond the finger tips when the arms were outstretched. They were connected with ropes running from the extreme points across the back, where they passed through a system of pulleys and passed down the back of the legs and were made fast to the feet. By this arrangement he expected to take the effort of working the wings largely from the arms and put it on the feet, and he expected to walk through the air as though on the ground, the raising and straighten-ing out of the lower limbs assisting the arms in raising and lowering the wings.

the body being in a nearly erect position when passing through the air. Scrogham attended the Methodist church Scrogham attended the Methodist church at Nashville on Sunday. After the service he told some of his friends that he intended to fly over the city that night, as he was sure that his machine had at last been perfected so that there would be no danger of falling. He was persuaded to make public announcement of his intended flight, and did so as the people came out of the church.

meditated trip before night, and a crowd gathered upon the streets and waited patiently for the hour for Scrogham's

along about 8 o'clock.

The time passed. When he failed to appear at 9 the people began to detent the idea of a man flying in the air. Some of the church members, though they had

from host to boss.

He received an outfit in a gunny sack

revolver.

The gun was for coyotes or other prowlers. In the gunny sack was a water bottle, not usual, but put in at his request; bacon, coffee, baking powder, flour, a coffee pot, and a pan that could be used for frying bacon or baking biscuits.

When the sheep got over the first range of hills they began to feed. They did not move with undue haste, and King, the collie kept them well within bounds, pre-

and idly began throwing stones into the grass.

Learned men say the rattlesnake is the fairest snake on earth, that he always rattles before he strikes. The reptiles may have a lively sense of discrimination, and to ward off evil repute may have rattled overtime for the wise observers; but for a common, low-down sheep herder they have no company manners.

If you get within striking distance don't

Nor were the long-billed immigrants from New Jersey all. There is a species of gnat named after the practically extinct monarch of the plains, the buffalo. He is a tiny beggar, so tiny in fact that you cannot see him except in the brightest light, but his bite raises a swelling a quarter of an inch high and about the size of a nickel. him fling 'way him money same it had been a rockatone [stone], an' him so proud

cundadundadrumunday. An wissishe hear what de Prince say, she mek up her mind fe marry him. But she ole and ugly, an' eberybody say:

"Cho! nana; no Prince marry you! You too takro-takro [ugly], fe true."

What she do den? She work obeah [witcheroft] and marry you gal

after she an' say:
"Hi! de sweet missis, but she look lubly, and affections of the godforsaken herder in his terrible loneliness.

King was a youngster, a two-year-old, but well trained and human in all things but speech. With a child's love for affec-tionate approval he would trot up for a pat and a caress after rounding the band up fe true!

But de ole witch she jus' look at him scornful, an' den she trow sheself back in de carriage an' preten' she don't want fe see him. An' dat mek him long fe her

fe see him. An' dat mek him long ie her more an' more.

Howsomeber, after a time dev mek it up all right, an' de wedding dav was fix an' a fat hog kill, an' de wedding cake bought, an' eberyting done got ready.

Now, chillun, at dis time Toad was buckragentleman (a white man). Him walk pon two leg, an' him stick him hat a' one side ob him head, an' him wear a long-tail coat, an' a white trousers, an' a high-beel coat, an' a white trousers, an' a high-heel boots, an' him shirt collar 'tan' up like jackass donkey mane. An' him smoke boots, an' him shirt collar 'tan' up like jackass donkey mane. An' him stnoke big, fine cigar all de day, an' when him

change back from sweety gal to ugly nana one some time; she knock off she silk dress; she tie on she junky [short] blue frock roun' she waist; she stick she broken pipe in a one side of she mouth; and she filing she mortar stick ober she shoulder, an'

Den de witch go on, an' she met up wid ben de witch go on, an sne met op a sheep an' she say; "You, sheep! you, sheep! was it you dat call me Recundadundundadrumunday?" But him say, "Hi, missis! dere's a ting! But him say, "Hi, whind word. Me

frien' Recundadundundadrumunday''
When de ole witch hear dis she know one some time who it was dat tell de Prince. So she run 'von him wid de mortar stick, an' she beat him till him fatten cut 'pon de

'pon him two leg again.

An' dat why Toad walk 'pon him four leg to dis day.